My Hat

Bucket thing, keeping brutal
Florida sun off my literal
red neck. Wag busdriver

cracks “What dumpster
you dig that outa?” But

guy in Winn-Dixie blurts
“What a great hat!” It’s
bleached and near-

ly shapeless. Doesn’t
resemble Mastroianni’s
wingy-dark lid in *8 ½*,

a film seeking to raise
Director’s Block

to more culturally
revered Writer’s.

I hear Ed G Robinson
yelling “Block, my ass!

What the fuck they paying
your precious ass for?”

Art compels vulgarity.